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# The Hamiltonian

Spring Number

May — 1925

HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL

HAMILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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342

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# Literary Department

## THE "BRADLEY GIRL"

SITTING in her daintily furnished sitting room in her aunt's large southern home, Doris Bradley was musing. She wondered vaguely where she would have been if she had remained at Greenville, Vermont, and if her Aunt Ethel had not made that unexpected northern journey.

To begin with, Doris had been just "a plain high school girl" in a small Vermont town. As she was in her last year of school, of course, like many others she was seeking employment for the following year. But in business as well as in social activities, Doris was unsuccessful. Her friends just naturally passed her by when planning some social activity, because she had heard it whispered, she was just "that plain Bradley girl." So her attempts to get into business had turned out the same way.

After glancing at her rather shabby figure, numerous managers had dismissed her saying that she was "too young" for such a position. Doris knew that they were too polite to say "a bit shabby." "Too young," she would think angrily to herself, "to have a position of salesgirl. Why, I am nearly nineteen." And so it had been, while graduation drew nearer and nearer. Then suddenly, as if a bomb had exploded in the Bradley family, came Aunt Ethel's telegram that she was already on her way north to make them a temporary visit.

"Just in time for graduation," said Mrs. Bradley to Doris after reading the telegram, "she certainly ought to be proud of you."

Doris later remarked to her reflection in the mirror, as she thought of her stunning, fashionable aunt, "Yes, she'll be proud when she learns that I am the plainest and most unpopular girl in the whole high school."

She sighed as she thought how often her mother had boasted to the neighbors that "her" daughter was the only one in her class who wore her hair down her back, wore cotton stockings and plain old-fashioned shoes. She, at least, was not going to let her daughter grow up into one of those "modern flappers."

Hardly had the excitement of Aunt Ethel's telegram subsided when Aunt Ethel herself arrived. Her arrival as always created a great deal of excitement. She had married a wealthy banker, and had settled in the South. Since his death she had lived in the luxury for which she had craved when young. Her only regret was that she did not have a daughter whom she might "fuss over" and educate. In spite of the fact that she pretended never to notice young girls, Aunt Ethel secretly watched and admired them.

Her first glimpse of Doris proved to be somewhat of a shock. She had expected to see a modern, bobbed-haired girl. "Why," she thought, "should Madeline dress her daughter in such a fashion? She had had what she wished for in her younger days." At once Ethel began secretly to make plans; however, after graduation would be time enough to reveal them.

At the graduation exercises Aunt Ethel was the subject of curiosity in

many minds of Doris' classmates. Who could this richly dressed, handsome lady with the Bradleys be, they wondered.

Ethel returned from the exercises thoroughly disgusted with Madeline. She had felt positively ashamed of Doris among those other curled and smartly-attired young girls and decided it was time to act.

The next afternoon Aunt Ethel announced that her visit would end in two more days, and that she had made a decision. Mrs. Bradley secretly breathed a sigh of relief; Ethel always wished to claim all one's attention while making a visit anyway.

"Since I have been here, Madeline, I have been greatly surprised at the way in which you have brought up Doris," she went on. "Why, she was the only girl in the graduating class who wore long hair and old-fashioned clothing. Why didn't you have it bobbed? Furthermore, if you and Mr. Bradley consent, I wish very much that I may have Doris for a few years to travel with me. You cannot imagine how I have longed for a young girl to dress and treat as a daughter, and I shall be very good to her."

Finally the decision was made. Doris was to go with Aunt Ethel. As soon as she arrived in the South, her hair was bobbed, and an entirely new wardrobe procured for her. Then after a brief rest and more days busily engaged in shopping, Doris and her Aunt left for Paris. To Doris these had been the two most glorious years in her life. Aunt Ethel had given her everything which she had wished for, even a car on their return to America.

Doris shifted her position and was off in her dreaming again. One day while still in Paris, an acquaintance of

Aunt Ethel's had sent an invitation asking them to tea. There Doris met Jimmie! Jimmie was the only son of Mrs. Fields. He was twenty-three, full of life, heir to the Fields' fortune, and very good-looking.

He had taken Doris out into the gardens of the hotel which he and his mother occupied, and seated on a shady bench they had talked for some time, and thus the acquaintance began.

"Do you play golf or dance?" he asked, and learning that she did not, he had taught her.

"Do you really mean that we shall meet in America?" she then had questioned him, and had learned of the nearness of their homes.

Then, after they returned to America, Jimmie had been the faithful escort of Doris during the entire social season.

So absorbed in her own thoughts was she that she did not notice the ring of the telephone until her maid came to the door with the announcement, "Miss Doris is wanted on the telephone." Then she arose from her chair and hastened to the telephone while the maid outside the door heard one side of the brief conversation.

"Jimmie?"—"Of course not."—"I'd be simply delighted."—"Yes, at eight sharp."—"Goodbye."

"Seems to me Mr. Jimmie is parking his roadster in front of the house and using the telephone a great deal lately," grumbled the maid as she rearranged the chair in Doris' room.

Later, as Doris and Jimmie drove down the avenue, Aunt Ethel, watching from her window, also gave her silent opinion regarding Jimmie and his roadster.

—DOROTHY BANCROFT, '26.



## THE SAPPHIRE MYSTERY

THE large office of John Reginall had the atmosphere of excitement, as his employees grouped together and talked noisily and excitedly. Suddenly John Reginall, detective and expert on mysteries, walked quietly into his private office. The talking was hushed and the clerks were once more about their daily work.

Reginall thoughtfully paced the floor. Certainly the thief that had done this last deed was crafty! Not only had he stolen the valuable sapphire without alarming any one, but he had not left the slightest trace, not even of fingerprints. This made the discovery hardest of all. The same thief had robbed before in the same way, and had gotten away with it, so now something must be done.

It was late at night when he walked slowly home. Opening the door in his room, he thought he heard something creak. He laughed softly. How nervous he was! Going to his desk, he telephoned to Blanchard, his trustworthy helper. Twelve bells struck on the clock when Blanchard turned the key in the door and walked in.

"Hello there," he called to Reginall. Reginall jumped, then said hastily, "I must have dozed; sit down." Both men talked seriously. In what way could they track this thief? How could they go about it? When and where could they begin?

As these three questions revolved in their minds, suddenly they could hear the soft pit-pat of someone or something in the next room. Soon the two men saw something that paralyzed them with surprise. A huge black bear stood in the moonlight of the window. Clumsily

the animal walked toward the desk! Reginall opened the drawer and fumbled for his revolver, but found to his surprise that it was not there. By this time, the bear was standing on his hind legs. Blanchard picked up the paper file on the desk and threw it at the creature. The bear staggered a moment then plunged forward and struck Blanchard savagely on the head. Immediately the latter fell back with a thump. The bear made a loud grumbling noise, then made for Reginall. At once a sharp command stopped him. The bear dropped his front legs, and walking to the window disappeared.

Reginall spoke to Blanchard who did not answer. Then a rap was heard on the door.

"Open it Reginall," said a voice, "I am detective Linehart of Scotland Yard."

When the door was opened Linehart walked to Blanchard, without even a look of astonishment on his face.

Reginall looked on wonderingly as he saw Linehart feel of the dead man's pocket, and with a queer smile take from it a small bag. Upon opening it, the sapphire shone in all its blue radiance. The robber had been discovered under Reginall's very eyes, and was no other than the man he had trusted most in all the world.

—EMMA BALDWIN, '24.

"What is the suit worth?"

"Fifty Dollars."

"All right; I'll take it on account."

"On account of what?"

"On account of my other being worn out."—*Rice Owl.*

## THE YELLOW VIOLET

When beechen buds begin to swell,      Ere russet fields their green resume,  
 And woods the bluebird's warble      Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare  
     know,      To meet thee, when thy faint perfume  
 The yellow violet's modest bell      Alone is in the virgin air.  
     Peeps from the last year's leaves be-  
     low.

Of all the train, the hands of Spring  
 First plant thee in the watery mold,  
 And I have seen thee blossoming  
 Beside the snow-banks's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view      Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,  
     Pale skies, and climbing moisture      And earthward bent thy gentle eye,  
     sip,      Unapt the passing view to meet,  
 Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,      When loftier flowers are flaunting  
     And streaked with jet thy glowing      high.  
     lip.

Oft, in the sunless April day,  
 Thy early smile has stayed my walk;  
 But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,  
 I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth, forget      And when again the genial hour  
     The friends in darker fortunes tried.      Awakes the painted tribes of light,  
 I copied them — but I regret      I'll not o'erlook the modest flower  
     That I should ape the ways of pride.      That made the woods of April bright.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

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## WHAT WOULD A GENTLEMAN DO?

ONE lovely spring day, when apple blossoms crowned the surrounding country, not knowing what else to do I threw the saddle on my pony and started off at a rather ridiculous pace towards the bridle path.

The path led for miles through the woods, across brooks, and then into open fields. It led so far, in fact, that I had never discovered where it ended and so took this as my purpose today. However, at the end of the day I

found that my quest had again failed.

I must have been riding about two hours, fascinated by the pureness of the day, the songs of many birds, and most of all by the curious winding of the path, over steep places fitted with stone steps to aid travel, when suddenly I thought I must have been dreaming, for I heard someone call. I stopped my pony but was only reassured of the fact of my dreaming when I listened, for all was still again. I



rode on a little farther when again I heard the call — this time nearer. I did not hesitate this time, for I knew someone, somewhere, was in trouble and needed me. Galloping at breakneck speed across a valley, I paused near the edge of a cliff a moment to find my bearings.

Again the cry came, so near that I jumped from my horse and running to the brink of the ledge saw the object of my pursuit. Scrambling down about three feet I stood and stared in

astonishment, for there, lying with one foot caught in the root of a tree was the girl to whom I was engaged. At sight of me she fainted, and kneeling down beside her, I released her foot. Then fascinated by her extreme beauty, I stood gazing at her. That upturned face with lips so red, just as if she were expecting — something. Now, what do you suppose, if placed in the position I was, a gentleman would do?

—E. P., '26.

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## ATHLETICS

### BASKETBALL

HAMILTON High School has just closed the most successful basketball season the school has had in a long time. Although the team was handicapped for lack of time and money, it always gave a good account of itself. About twenty games were played during the season. Some very strong teams were played at home and away.

The High School should have a fine team next year with four of this year's team returning to school in the fall.

At a meeting of the boys in the high school, Donald Trussell, this year's assistant basketball manager, was elected as manager for next year. Peter MacCurrach was elected as his assistant. The Athletic Department and the school wish them the best of luck for the coming year.

### BASEBALL

Every afternoon after school, baseball practice is held at the Athletic field, and the High School will be represented this year by a fast lot of "ball chasers." Games are being arranged with the neighboring schools, and everything is all set for a successful season.

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### TRACK

Plans are being made for an inter-class track meet to be held after the spring vacation. Four captains have been chosen and the teams picked as evenly as possible. A great deal of enthusiasm has been aroused over the meet, and the teams will furnish enough competition for anyone.

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In behalf of the High School boys, the Athletic Department of the *Hamiltonian* wishes to thank Mr. Carr for the interest and spirit he has shown in the building up of Athletics in the High School during the year.

# The Hamiltonian

Published by HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL

MAY, 1925

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### *Class Editors*

ANNA POOLE, '25

WILLIAM LASKI, '26

IRENE POPE, '27

### *Junior High Editor*

OSCAR LIGHTBODY

## 1775-1925

TO America in general and to students of American history in particular the year of 1925 has a particular significance, for it marks the 150th anniversary of the beginning of the Revolution. To us living within a radius of Boston has already come the quickening of our patriotism, because we have felt it from the pulse of Lexington and Concord in their celebration of the 19th of April.

How much has happened in that 150 years; how rapid has been America's growth; what strides she has made in national as well as international affairs, could not be treated in less than volumes, but the pride we have had in that growth can be proclaimed from every page, and we find it unmeasurable.

The example set by our Republic, the peace of our people, the success of the

United States as a nation, have indeed made Emerson's line, "The shot heard 'round the world," literally true, and we, 150 years later, are experiencing the sight of Europe not a continent of monarchies but of republics with Asia following close in her progress in democracy and South America with democracy already accomplished.

## THE WASHINGTON TRIP

AS the month of April draws toward a close, we prepare once more to bid the Senior class a temporary farewell on their coming Washington trip.

This trip is planned every year by the graduating class, and has an educational objective. For a time this trip privilege was abolished, but was again returned to the class of nineteen twenty-four, and has been given to the class of nineteen twenty-five.

The expenses for the trip have been defrayed by having sales of various types, dramas, whist parties, dances and other activities during the High School year.

The Senior class will leave for Washington Friday, April 24, and are to remain for a period of about a week. After spending a day or so in New York, they are to continue on to Washington. They plan to view the Capitol, government buildings, and all other objects of special interest.

Through the kindness of the School Board this trip has been made possible; also by the help of the teachers and townspeople.

As to the Senior class itself, it is needless to state that it has labored unceasingly, for every pupil has cooperated most willingly to gain the objective for which it has long been striving.

The Junior class at this time expresses its sincerest wishes to the Seniors that a very pleasant and successful journey will be had.

—DOROTHY BANCROFT, '26.

With the coming of the spring vacation we look forward to a week of rest, and a gathering together of our energies for the last period of the school year. To the Seniors the week means much—a realization of a dream and a goal toward which they have worked hard, and the *Hamiltonian* takes this opportunity to join with the high school in its wish for the fulfillment of that dream in every detail.

With the return to school the Seniors will be on the last stretch of their four year course. To many of them it means the end of their school life. This should mean much, and the most should be made of the opportunity to collect the threads and bind them together for future use.

It is a time for all of us to make an extra effort to make our year a success, so that we may enjoy to the full our long vacation.

The *Hamiltonian* wishes every one a pleasant vacation and a return to school with plenty of "pep."

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# SCHOOL NOTES

## CLASS OF '25

Miss Davey — Mason, pick up your desk and put it on your book.

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The other day in English, Miss Davey passed out new books. Emma, on seeing in the front a picture of John Milton, exclaimed, "Oh, isn't he cute!"

---

Miss Davey — We will now turn to your foreign relations. (U. S. History.)

Mason—I haven't any foreign relations.

---

Hilda has been wandering around looking as if she was hunting for something—Mena has returned again and now Hilda wears a look of great satisfaction.

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Miss Davey—Which do you think is the best character, Macbeth or Lady Macbeth?

Humphrey—I think Macbeth is the greater character, because he was a man.

Doris Stone and Grace Hooper recently joined the bobbed-haired ranks, and we hope the rest will follow their example.

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Elmer Smith recently appeared at school on time — the morning of the earthquake.

---

The town will soon have to appropriate money for a new sidewalk along the Main Road from Lucy's house down, if *some* people don't let up on it.

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Carl Haraden is again showing a great liking for Kittys. The night of the Easter Monday dance he asked the orchestra to play "Oh, Katherina."

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A favorite saying with a certain Senior girl is, "Oh, Junior, be good."

---

Helen Lovering's favorite at present is a "hot dog," at noon or recess. She is seldom seen without one.



## CLASS NOTES '26

The Juniors in general are keyed up to the high mark over the coming Junior Prom on May 8, 1925. All committees have been elected and everything is being put in readiness. An orchestra has been hired that is considered the best in the immediate vicinity. Most of the invitations are out, and one of the most successful Junior Proms in the annals of the school is anticipated.

A few of the members of the biology class recently enjoyed a most educational and interesting trip to the Aquarium in South Boston. Mr. Watson was in charge of the group.

Have you heard of the MMM trio? Inquire of the Juniors.

Miss Cary giving out the next lesson, "For tomorrow we will have the verb *craindre* to write orally."

Ask Cullen what he was doing downstairs the night of the Junior supper.

Did your president have a good time at the supper? We'll say so.

Trussell's latest friend is the Dish Pan.

Two unexpected friends arrived at our supper and two of our girl classmates immediately became useless.

The Junior class recently gave a supper at the South school. A good time was had by all that were present and the financial success was encouraging.

Perhaps the Junior boys won't do their "stuff" at the Junior Prom this year — not saying anything about the girls!

## CLASS OF '27

S. A.—What is the matter with you?

P. Mc.—Oh, I just stuck my hand in the pen point.

We wonder where Julia Buzzell got her class pin?

## WANTED

A young girl about fifteen years old, tall and with dark hair and eyes. Must be very pretty and kind, also must like horses.—Apply to Peter MacCurrach.

The girls have started in playing Rounders again with better luck than last fall. The Freshman girls are very good at it, however, and have won over the Sophomores several times.

Class dues have dwindled during the last few months and many have not paid since the beginning of school. They are urged to show their school spirit.

If more class meetings were held, more work could be accomplished, especially if more than half the class attended

"Mother."

"Yes, son."

"Daddy said Uncle Jim was the bee's knees. What does the bee's knees mean?"

"Oh, that's only slang for the cat's meow, dear."



## THE CLASS TRIP TO WASHINGTON

*Dear Friend:*

From an educational viewpoint I consider the Washington trip a decided success. Our real educational sight-seeing began in Philadelphia, where we spent upwards of three hours touring that historic city. Independence Hall, Liberty Bell, the hall in which Congress met, all held their interest for us. One cannot imagine the thrill of having these historic things suddenly thrown into reality, one after another, before our eyes.

Then came Washington with its scores of fine diplomatic buildings to be inspected.

Sunday some of us took a trip to the suburbs of Washington to the Monastery where some of us attended mass. The catacombs, the outer gardens and shrines, the inner decorations of the chapel, all seemed unbelievable to our heretofore near-sighted experiences. Others visited the President's church and, although seats were not obtainable, had the privilege of sitting in President Coolidge's pew.

A tour of the city in general occupied all Sunday afternoon. It was then that we saw with our own eyes buildings that we so often see staring at us from the pages of a history book. Sunday night brought more wonder, for then it was that we visited the Library of Congress. Words cannot express the feeling of smallness that took possession of me in the presence of that massive example of exquisite architecture. The many wonderful paintings, the marvelous tile work, the seemingly endless collection of pamphlets, books and periodicals were entirely too much to be seen and appreciated in the amount of time we could spend there.

Never before did the vainness of time seem so apparent.

Monday morning was spent at the Capitol, where we reviewed the House of Representatives and Senate Chamber, the President's room, the Supreme Court room, and last but not least the long walk up to the tower where we obtained a most pleasing view of the entire city and suburbs. Monday afternoon we took the trolley for Mount Vernon, stopping off at Alexandria to visit Christ Church, where Washington worshipped and the Masonic Lodge where he belonged. The latter contained an extensive collection of various things of Washington's days and an explanation by a very good speaker made clear many interesting points.

At Mount Vernon we spent, I might say, the most enjoyable time of all. There in the presence of the home of our first President things get a little serious. The house from the front with its large pillars, appears to the outsider to be a large building, but this idea soon vanishes on seeing the rooms. All are small, well-lighted, and filled with fine furniture of the Colonial period. The garden in the rear is the scene of perfection, the flowers and hedges being trimmed to such an extent that they look almost artificial. On the broad lawns in front of the house we had our class picture taken. The boat ride down the Potomac was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. From the boat we got a fine view of Mount Vernon, the Lee Mansion and Arlington Cemetery, which we visited Sunday afternoon.

Tuesday we made a tour of all important diplomatic buildings, including

*Continued on page 14*

# Smiles We Pass Along

## HIC

"Thish match won't light."

"Washa madda with it?"

"I dunno. It lit all right a minute ago."

## THE WOMAN MOTORIST

When a wild and pop-eyed driver

Shoots his auto down the street,

He can make the public step about

On light and nimble feet;

He can make the boldest tremble,

He can make the bravest quail,

But they say "the female driver

Is more deadly than the male."

Salesmen may be gracious and cheerful and yet lack knowledge of the goods they are expected to sell. This is a handicap to good salesmanship. A story is told of a genial storekeeper in Central Ohio whose education in selling was of the kindergarten variety. A customer came in and asked for a little cheesecloth.

The storekeeper disappeared, but came back lugging a large specimen of a New York cheese. "Here's the cheese," he said, "but I'll be dingbusted if I know how I'm goin' to get the cloth offen it!"

—*Los Angeles Times.*

"All aboard," called the conductor as the train prepared to leave the station.

"Hold on boss!" called a feminine voice, "wait till ah gets mah clothes on!"

Six cars full of passengers thrust their heads out of windows and craned their necks expectantly. They saw a negro mammy struggling on with a basket of laundry.

## THE FASTER THE FURTHER

Teacher—Rastus, what animal is most noted for its fur?

Rastus—De skunk. De more fur you gets away from him de better it is fer you.

Mike was passing Pat's house out in Kansas and saw Pat with three heavy coats on, painting his house on a hot summer day. He asked Pat if he was cold, and Pat said, "No, but the color card said to put on three coats to get the best results."

## WHAT HAPPENED THEN

Husband—This tomato soup tastes just like my mother used to make.

Wife—I'm glad to hear it. You have never said before that anything of mine was as good as your mother's. She was a fine cook, I suppose?

Husband—Yes, there was only one thing she couldn't make properly.

Wife—What was that?

Husband—Tomato soup.

## WHY NOT WAIT

"Here! What do you mean by feeding that kid yeast cakes."

"Oh, he just swallowed fifty cents of mine and I'm trying to raise the dough."

Bowers—What are you doing with that rope around your neck?

John—I'm going to hang myself.

Bowers—Well, why don't you get off the chair?

John—I'll choke.

## THE WASHINGTON TRIP

*Continued from page 12*

the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where we cast envious eyes on twenty-dollar bills, the Pan-American Building, and finally the White House, where we were granted the privilege of meeting President Coolidge.

Tuesday afternoon was spent examining the Museums and Smithsonian Institute.

Early Wednesday morning we left for New York City. Wednesday afternoon we toured the city reviewing all the important buildings.

As I have said before the tour was a decided success and despite the vast amount of expense the trip entails, it is extremely beneficial from an educational viewpoint.

R. SAULNIER.

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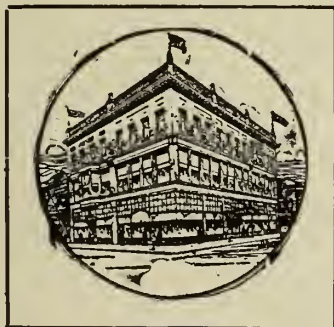
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